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## NEWS FROM LISZT.

"DEUX ARABESQUES POUR LE PIANO."—No. 1, Le Rossignol; No. 2, Chanson Bohemienne. By FRANZ LISZT. Ewer & Co.

The above will be shortly—if we are not mistaken—on the desk of every pianist in London; since whatever comes from Liszt—with all his eccentricity and schumannwagnerism—is worthy attention, more especially now that he has retired from the noise and turbulence of public life, and has settled down, like a bearded hermit, in the calm wilds of Weimar. Whatever Liszt does, Liszt does like Liszt; therefore it becomes the duty of the reviewer to address the reader in the words of the ghost—

"List, list, Oh! list!"

Indeed, listening to Liszt is ear-labour well bestowed, for he, in his way, is also a prophet, and prophecies—more especially now that he has retired from the noise and turbulence of public life, and has settled down, like a bearded hermit, in the calm wilds of Weimar.

There was—in the epoch of the Roses, when to be "White" or to be "Red" was essential to be anything, and being both was being neither, and you were forced to be either—one Warwick. This Warwick did kings and undid them. Hence the nickname bestowed upon him which historians have recorded. Now, without wishing to draw a comparison between Warwick and Liszt—who is no more a Guy than was the famous king-maker—we find this in common between them—that, whereas Warwick did and undid kings, the æsthetic kapelmeister at Weimar does and undoes composers. It was but now that Liszt dragged out one Schumann from darkness, and blew a trumpet on his behalf. "Behold," said Liszt to the peoples, "a new man! Behold a composer! Let none gainsay him—he is a Myth!"

"List, list, Oh! list!"

Thus Liszt discovered Robert Schumann, and did him. He brought forth the man of Leipsic; and held him up, in the face of the worshippers of Mendelssohn, as the real idol to be adored—as the true God, upon whose altar should be placed beeves, to be burnt for his glorification—before whose altar incense should be swung, and round whose altar candles should be lit. The peoples listened, and were edified. "Hear him," said they; "hear Liszt! Liszt hath spoken. His words are truth. Schumann is the man!"

"List, list, oh! list!" (*Chorus of peoples.*)

And the peoples became Schumannites. The sacrifice was

offered at the shrine of the new idol. Boys swang incense; wax was wasted; beeves were blasted. Liszt was content; he had done Schumann. But now to undo him! Liszt pondered. He shook his head mysteriously, when neophytes and catechumines repaired to Weimar, to minister to the curious chapel-master, and hear him preach Schumann; he shook his head mysteriously, and smiled a deep smile. To speak in the language of the poet, Smith—Alexander, not Albert—he "geeked" at them. There was, in his eye sinister—

"Something like a glike."—(*Brendallah.*)

Liszt had not pondered in vain; he had found a man. He dragged out from darkness one Wagner, and blew a trumpet on his behalf. "Behold," said Liszt to the peoples, "a new man! Behold a composer! Let none gainsay him—he is a Myth!"

"List, list, oh! list!"

Thus Liszt discovered Richard Wagner, and did him. As for Robert Schumann, he undid him.

But the peoples this time turned a cold ear to the prophet—to his words and to his trumpet. They heard not the flourish, and heeded not the rhetoric. They were as deaf as adders, and as mute as mice. "Lo!" muttered they, "erewhile it was Robert, to-day it is Richard; the prophet has lied! he is a false prophet! Whom shall we believe?"

Then Liszt girded up his loins, clad himself in holiday array, and set out on a journey.

He came to Richard, and communed with him; and said, "Lo! the peoples will not believe." And Richard said, "Lo! they shall be convinced! thou shalt convince them! Go forth and write books." And Liszt answered and said, "I will go." "But stop," said Richard, "first give me thy shadow; it lies in thy way, and prevents thee from seeing the full glory of the sun, which is Richard. Nay, sell me thy shadow." And Richard went to a box, and brought forth books, four—the book of a Dutch Captain, the book of a Roman democrat, the book of Tannhauser, and the book of Lohengrin. "Sell me thy shadow for these books," said Richard, "for they are the books of life—my books. Thou shalt, moreover, have the fifth, which is yet unfinished." And Liszt took the books, and Richard gathered up the shadow. The shadow was light, but the books were heavy.

And Liszt went forth shadowless, and took the books to Weimar.

At Weimar he seized pen and paper, and shut himself up, and would see no one; for he cared not to walk in the sun,

lest his master, the Grand Duke, should ask him about his shadow. And Liszt wrote a book—a book about Richard, and this was its title:—

RICHARD WAGNER'S  
LOHENGGRIN

und  
TANNHAUSER,  
VON

FRANZ LISZT.

MIT MUSIK-BEILAGEN.

He wrote it in the Frankish tongue, and from the Frankish he did it into the Teutongue—which was announced on the forehead of the book; and it was printed in the year fifty and two, by Franz Carl Eisen, and was published at Köln, and eagerly devoured by the peoples.

And many of the peoples were convinced, and said, "Lo! the prophet hath made good his word; Richard is the man, and not Robert!" But other of the peoples, not wholly converted, though edified, said, "Shall there not be Robert as well as Richard?" The rest were angry, and would have neither, but returned to the old religion, and worshipped Mendelssohn. And Liszt was wroth, and went forth at night, and came to Richard, and asked for his shadow. But Richard would not be persuaded. "For," said he, "hast thou not adored others besides Robert?" And Liszt would fain have undone Richard; but he could not. His soul being vexed thereat, he went back to Weimar, and burnt his book of Chopin, and all his volumes of Escudier. Moreover, he took down from his shelf—where it had long lain buried in dust—the book of the *Prophet* of Meyerbeer, and "transcribed" the ice-scene upon the *clavier*, and transmitted it to Brussels, to Madame Pleyel, the famous piano-player, who played it so often, and with such success, that it came to the ears of Richard.

Now Richard thought that what time and pains were not bestowed upon *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* were time and pains lost. He remonstrated. Whereupon Liszt wrote a *cahier* of *études*, and transmitted them to Madame Pleyel, at Brussels. This was his response. Again Richard remonstrated. "For"—said he—"you have not convinced the peoples about *Lohengrin*." Whereupon, Liszt made more transcriptions, and sent them to Madame Pleyel, at Brussels. This was his response. Yet once more Richard remonstrated; and finding his protest vain, he threatened Liszt to send him back his shadow.

"Now"—said the chapel-master to himself—"I shall get my shadow." Whereon he straightway summoned Hector Berlioz, and brought out his opera of *Benvenuto Cellini*, upon the stage of Weimar, before the Duke, with great pomp and ceremony. And the peoples heard this music, and believed, and cried out—"Hector is the man!—not Richard—neither is it Robert!"

And Richard foamed at the mouth, and his ire was terrible. Thus, at the present epoch, matters stand. If Liszt does not get back his shadow, it will be his fault, not ours.

"List, list, oh! LISZT!"

Your "Deux Arabesques" will go forth to all the peoples. Cranz, and Brandus, and Ewer, will sell them in thousands. We like them much—especially the *Chanson Bohémienne* (the *nightingale* is somewhat flighty), which you ought to have dedicated to Wilhelmina Clauss.

But—

"List, list, oh! LISZT!"

Take your pen, and scratch out all the Wagnerisms that deface them; and, when cleaned and purified, send them forth again."

Not to multiply instances, we refer you to the last page of the *Bohémienne*—the 13th page. If you would not that one of your pages die within a year, take the matter in your own hands, and cut out the 13th incontinent. It is mere *cophony*, and much hearing of it will make a man deaf—or at least engender a cachexy. The whole of lines 2-3-4 is stark nonsense. Lop them off lightly, and we promise to aid you in getting back your shadow, and to pray that it may never be less. Slice away; it is but fungus you remove—proud flesh, in which you should have no pride. Cut, we beseech you!

#### MENDELSSOHN'S ST. PAUL.

(Continued from page 485.)

No. 1.—The Overture to *St. Paul* is of a completely different character and form from any of Mendelssohn's secular compositions for the orchestra. It would seem that the author, regarding the so-called contrapuntal style as the highest, because the severest exercise of a musician's powers, assumed this, in which he was among the moderns singularly successful, for his sacred prelude, emulating therein, with the profundity, the dignity of the ancient school, but animating this with the geniality that inseparably associates his music with the feelings of our own time.

This masterly piece of writing is founded upon the Choral, "Sleepers, wake!" the first three strains of which only, however, are employed in the course of the composition. The Overture opens with a short Introduction in which the Canto Fermo appears, first with simple harmony, and then with a counterpoint of moving crotchets; and this is followed by a Fugue on two subjects, (the first, of a very marked and eminently striking character,—the second, which is introduced after the first has been considerably elaborated and is subsequently employed as a counterpoint to it, moving ceaselessly in semiquavers,) throughout which the Choral is constantly recurring as the Canto Fermo upon which the whole is constructed.

So much, and that the Fugue commences in a moderate tempo, which is gradually accelerated into an animated and very exciting *allegro*, beginning in A minor, and ending in the major of the same tonic, is matter-of-fact and self-obvious. What I have now to propose, as to the connection, namely, of this Overture with the work, and as to its illustration of the subject, is entirely matter of speculation, and by no means to be accepted from my proposition, but rather to be regarded as an acknowledgment of what impression the music conveys to me, offered as a surety to others that there is a meaning

that needs but to be sought to be found, the interpretation of which must depend upon the temperament of the hearer.

Let us suppose, then, that the calm, solemn simplicity of the opening implies a summons from the messenger of peace, addressed to the sleeping world, bidding them awaken to the consciousness of the glory that awaits them. In the chief subject of the Fugue is presented the dejection of the fallen human race—at least, thus I understand the pathetic expression of the melody, heightened by the sighing of wind instruments, that always accompanies the repetition of the last phrase; while the hurried, agitated character of the second subject depicts the troublous tumult of the war of passion. Through this the voice of majesty and love is ever heard, calling mankind to prepare for their redemption, with always growing power and with always increasing impressiveness. The conflict of earthly desires rages with more and more impetuosity, and the sufferings of the sorrow-stricken people are ever renewed by that unrest which is at once their nourishment and their fruit, their cause and their result, as the mighty waters that yield the clouds which darken the sight of nature are fed by these clouds, manifesting their anger in the fury of the tempest. The voice from heaven continues still to call, mankind is aroused, the brightness of his immortal glory shines upon him, and the goodness of the Creator is most worthily approved in the purification of his greatest work, the intellect—the power to know, and to understand, and to believe—the soul of man.

No. 2.—This and the following piece constitute what may be considered a kind of prologue to the work, analogous, more or less, to the invocation to the muse with which Milton opens his "Paradise Lost," according to the manner of many, if not most of the extensive poetical works of ancient and modern times. The subject of these two pieces comprises the acknowledgment of the greatness of the Creator, the petition that he will give strength to his people to contend with their enemies and to preach his word, and the thanksoffering for his bountiful protection. The texts here brought together allude directly to the Apostle and his divine mission, the progress of which forms the action of the Oratorio; and they are also, perhaps indirectly, applicable to the composer, whose sacred province as an artist is, by clothing truth in beauty, by refining doctrine into poetry, to carry on the great work of the first teachers, quickening our knowledge into feeling, idealizing our sense of good with the sentiment of loveliness, and thus to stimulate through the subtle agency of our imagination such innermost emotions as are intangible alike by fact and argument.

This being the purport of the words, the music is harmoniously also of a didactic character, dignified and earnest, but not solemn—bright, broad, energetic, and simple. The introductory bars of symphony and the opening vocal phrase, "Lord! thou alone art God," which is continuous of them, have a noble majesty that finely embodies the exultant feeling expressed in the exclamation. The stately motion of the accompaniment is arrested for the clearer enunciation of the words, "And thine are the Heavens, the Earth, and mighty Waters," which are thus given with true grandeur of effect to which the masterly transition into D that marks the first repetition of the sentence with a brightness that seems unsurpassable, eminently conduces. The fugal treatment of the passage on the words, "The heathens furiously rage against thee," is no less pertinent to their expression than is the agitated character of the accompaniment, the restless motion of which is maintained with admirable continuity, but without any approach to monotony. This troubled character is preserved by the further continuance of the same figure of accompani-

ment, while the sustained pianissimo of the voices replaces the feeling of complaint with that of supplication when the Almighty is invoked to look upon the prevailing power of our foes, and to give his servants strength to extend his word. Here, the opening subject is with great propriety resumed; and then, a very condensed recapitulation of the principal ideas of the movement forms a powerful Coda that closes in vigorous grandeur with the simple enunciation of the words comprised in the prayer.

It is here to remark upon the careful husbandry of his orchestral resources that especially characterizes the instrumentation of Mendelssohn. In the present Chorus we have an example, of which the Oratorio furnishes many, of how his power lies in the strength of his ideas rather than in the noise of his instrumentation, and by his sparing employment of these means he almost infinitely redoubles their effect whenever he takes advantage of them, and at the same time gives a variety of colour to the entire work, which wonderfully enhances its interest.

No. 3.—The calm, reposeful, gentle sense of gratitude is beautifully rendered in the simple character of the Choral, "To God on high," as it is here presented, in harmony of plain counterpoint, and without even the ornament of the very customary interludes between the strains. The melody of this Choral is one of the most modern in its phraseology, and certainly one of the most sympathetic of all these primitive offerings of our art to the service of the Reformed Church, and its popularity may be inferred from Bach having harmonized it in no less than four different ways in his countless collection of Lutheran Hymns, which indicates that it is in such very frequent requisition, as not only gives opportunity for the employment of these several renderings, but exacts this various treatment as the necessary means of varying its effect.

It is rather the province of the schoolmaster than of the critic to enter upon the discussion of points of grammar, and I shall therefore, throughout these remarks, esteem myself happily exempt from any such disquisition—for which, in fact, except as a medium of eulogy, the present work presents the rarest opportunities. To vindicate the candour of my else unqualified admiration, I owe it to myself, and still more to my subject, to avow that in the technical treatment of some of these pieces of plain harmony there occur some progressions, the irregularity of which only eludes observation under cover of the general effect, the absorbing interest of which incapacitates us from regarding minuteness of detail that might contribute to what they cannot destroy. I speak with diffidence, not in ostentation, and, having said, believe I have discharged a duty for which I shall gain no more thanks than credit. There needs not to proceed tediously into particulars, avoiding which I shall leave the exceptional passages still open to the admiration of those who are insensitive to their impropriety, whereby I shall escape the art-evil of checking the impulse to find beauty and to acknowledge it, while this general declaration will, to those who share my scruples, justify the expressions of delight that the examination of this noble work of genius cannot fail ceaselessly to induce.

The transition into F sharp minor that marks Mendelssohn's treatment of the fifth strain of this Choral is very striking, and the effect of the whole is beautifully appropriate.

No. 4.—Thus doubly prefaced,—by the Overture which, we may suppose, epitomises the subject of the entire work, and by the two first vocal pieces, which invoke Heaven for the blessing of "strength and joyfulness" to qualify the artist for



his sacred task,—thus doubly prefaced. the action of the Oratorio commences.

In the selection and arrangement of the text, the composer has chosen to precede the entry of his principal character by such a representation of the times in which he appeared, and the circumstances by which his appearance was surrounded, as prepares us at once to appreciate the importance of St. Paul's mission and the transition his character undergoes when the oppressor of Christians becomes the apostle of Christianity. Accordingly, the incidents of the arraignment and martyrdom of St. Stephen are presented at such very considerable length as alone could do justice to their powerful interest, and thus is shown the enthusiastic zeal of the first teachers, and the fanatical violence of those who opposed them.

In the present piece is related the unanimity of the believers, the faith and power of Stephen who works wonders amongst them, the inability of the Scribes to resist the influence of his wisdom, their suborning of men to speak against him, the declaration of these that they heard his blasphemy, and the activity of the Synagogue to excite the people and the Elders, who seize him and drag him before the Council.

The narrative portion of this is rendered in a Recitative for soprano solo, an episode in which is the short Duet for two basses personating the false Witnesses, that graphically distinguishes the dramatic or personal words of the text from the narrative,—that which is done or said from that which is related.

Brief as is the Duet, the peculiar character of this carefully-considered fragment (expressed in the responsive phrases of the voices, and in the points of imitation carried through the ceaseless motion of the murmuring accompaniment, singularly coloured by the orchestral distribution, which lies entirely between the viola, two violoncellos, and the double bass supported by the organ pedals), this peculiar character embodies a deep, though, perhaps therefore, not very obvious meaning, to penetrate which is quite worth the pains of an examination. Let us suppose, then, in the plausible phraseology in which the words of the Witnesses are conveyed, and in the reiterated corroboration by each of the testimony of the other, the most sedulous endeavour to justify by persuasion and to vindicate by asseveration the charge preferred, while the falsehood and the consequent cautious inconfidence of the speakers is indicated in the suppressed perturbation that forms an undercurrent of the whole. These men are not of the People, crying, under the misdirection of fanaticism, for what they believe to be justice upon a blasphemer, but they are the suborned Witnesses of the Synagogue, hired to inflame with their purposed perjury the fury of the multitude, conscious of their hollowness, and careful to conceal their falsehood and their shame in it. Such is, to me, the reading of the text embodied in the music.

The short Duet leaves off (closes, one cannot say, since what succeeds is still continuous), the duet leaves off with a dominant cadence, and an abrupt transition introduces the resumption of the Recitative. The new tonality, the hurried movement, and the addition to the score of the acute instruments, induce a contrast of colour that forcibly illustrates the situation. We pass from the Witnesses to their employers, from their plausibility to the wrath that engages this as its insidious and certain engine.

We are now led to the next Chorus, of which both words and music of this number are introductory.

No. 5.—Here we have the accusation of Stephen embodied in a Chorus of the People of Jerusalem. This comprises

alternate declarations to the Council and addresses to the prisoner, the unanimous rendering of the former of which presents well the vehement earnestness of the excited multitude, as does the fugal treatment of the latter their impatience each to have a voice in the taunts to which he is submitted,—each to be foremost in charging him personally with the outrage for which they demand vengeance. The dramatic power thus displayed could not be exceeded, and the technical treatment of the scene equals the poetical purpose with which it is conceived.

The fierceness of the infuriate crowd, who, rushing tumultuously, without regard of place or person, into the judgment hall, eagerly denounce their intended victim as a blasphemer against Moses and against God,—their charge to him, "Did we not enjoin and straightly command you that you should not teach in the name you follow? and lo! you have filled Jerusalem with these unlawful doctrines,"—and their turning wildly again with their first appeal to the Council, this is depicted with a living truthfulness that brings the raging multitude in actual existence before us, and makes us know and feel how terrible is the power of the bad passions of man, and how dreadful an engine are they to set in action. Thus much is comprised in what we may esteem the First Part or division of the movement; and the malignant scorn with which Stephen is still regarded when the voices cease—and the looks of hatred cast upon him are even more redundant of vengeance than the limited words—is not less powerfully presented in the few threatening bars of symphony with their entirely unique and most poignant instrumentation.

Less irritated, and therefore much more dignified in character, is the episode for male voices in which the accusation against Stephen is directly preferred. A transient modulation into C at the words "Destroy all these our holy places," is one of the brightest points in the whole Chorus, and one that derives from its great simplicity a power to which nobody can be insensible.

The multitude is not to be restrained. With violent agitation, aggravated by its temporary suppression, the mass of the people resume their original of denunciation, and the dramatic and the musical effect of this recurrence of the chief theme of the movement are both heightened by the addition of a florid counterpoint of semiquavers against the Subject that is admirably sustained. The resumption of the episodic idea, now distributed among the full chorus, and supported by the agitated accompaniment of the string instruments, forms a climax to the close of the movement that seems to raise this grand point of culmination still higher and higher as it approaches it, and then, the repetition of the very individual bars for the orchestra that seem, in their tone of exultant derision, to anticipate the tortures with which the martyr is menaced, this very powerful conception is concluded.

No. 6.—A few bars of Recitative for soprano, resuming the narrative, tell how they look upon his face, and it is like the face of an angel (an expression most gracefully rendered in the music), and how the High Priest demands if these charges be true, his words being separated from the more indifferent tone of relation in the third person by an impressive change of key, and by a slower and consequently more impressive enunciation.

Stephen's defence is rendered in a grand declamatory Recitative for tenor, that, as a piece of musical eloquence, is scarcely to be reached by the highest eulogium with which enthusiastic admiration could attempt to do it justice. Commencing with the majestic calmness that is inspired by conscious right and complete mastery of the subject upon which

he is to discourse, the orator gradually rises with the development of his theme in warmth of expression and energy of delivery, until the flood of his speech would seem to have accumulated such intensity of power as must bear down all before it. One cannot too much admire the consummate art wherewith this is embodied, but, the more must one admire, the less can one define. The felicitous artifice of the frequent repetition, at irregular periods, of the two bars of symphony that introduce the character of Stephen, each repetition being successively in a higher and higher key—thus much admits of description—all else of the forcible treatment of this impressive scene must be left to the appreciation of the hearer.

The multitude awed by the fervid eloquence of their purposed victim, and feeling the growing influence of his words, became impatient of a power that may be withdrawn but cannot be resisted. In low mutterings, that bespeak how much less is their can than their will to oppose him, they interrupt what they are unable to answer with murmurs of "Take him away!" Then, gaining assurance from the sound of their own voices, and mutual encouragement from the coward's panoply—the knowledge of physical superiority, they break forth in a fierce exclamation of a life-thirsty fanaticism, "He shall perish."

Passing directly from the harmony of E flat to the second inversion of D, the first employment of this major tonic, the single voice of Stephen is introduced with an effect of beautiful, of glorious radiance, that, to say the least—and words could say no more—realises the idea his language conveys, when he declares, "Lo! I see the heavens open, and the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of God."

How far the immediate dispersion of the visionary brightness may be more or less true to the situation, or more or less necessary as a means of art to certify its brilliancy, and how far the whole musical idea may be more or less analogous to that which first introduces Anna and Ottavio in the sextet in *Don Giovanni*, I leave for the speculation of those whose delight in present beauty is sufficiently temperate to allow them to turn from its contemplation to theorise upon its source;—for me, I am content to admire and to acknowledge. —(From the Musical Times.)

G. A. MACFARREN.

(To be continued.)

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ON Saturday the *Favorita* was repeated.

A combined entertainment, consisting of the first act of *Norma* and the entire of *Rigoletto*, was given on Tuesday. Her Majesty and Prince Albert attended.

*Lucrezia Borgia* and selection from *L'Elisir d'Amore* constituted the performance of Thursday.

There was nothing new this week at the Royal Italian Opera.

Here again we may remark—an echo from our notice of last week—that Grisi and Mario have appeared three times in succession—an unusual occurrence, and having appeared three times in succession previously, they have now appeared in succession nine times—an unprecedented occurrence.

*Jessonda* will be produced this evening faithfully.

Respecting the performance of Thursday evening, we quote the following from the *Times*:—

"The performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, yesterday evening, deserves to be mentioned, not only for its excellence, but on account of its having been announced as the last during

the present season. If it be true, as is reported, that Grisi and Mario, after a 'farewell' tour in the provinces of England, are about to repair to America, to fulfil an engagement of indefinite duration in the United States, it is not impossible that Donizetti's most genial work, as we have been accustomed to see it since the institution of the Royal Italian Opera, may be lost to us for a considerable time—probably, indeed, for ever. It is unlikely that, in our day, we shall again witness so perfect an execution of *Lucrezia Borgia* (unless circumstances induce the management to advertise it once more); and for this reason an unusual interest was attached to the representation of last night, which created an enthusiasm proportionate to its merits. Grisi was provokingly good throughout—as though she felt determined to convince the audience of the impracticability of another being found to succeed her in one of her grandest impersonations. She looked the haughty Duchess of Ferrara to the life; sang admirably, even from the opening *cavatina*—which has always, of late years, been her tender point—and acted with extraordinary power. Mario was more than himself. His singing in the melodious romance, 'Deh pescator ignobile,' was marked by that exquisite sweetness and simplicity in which he has no rival; and his performance in the last scene—including the death of Gennaro, one of the most striking demonstrations of histrionic genius ever remembered upon the stage—was as great, perhaps greater, than on any previous occasion. Ronconi's Alphonso—the best on record—was worthy to be associated with the *Lucrezia* and Gennaro; and the highly dramatic trio of the second act—in which the revenge and jealousy of the Duke, the despair and agony of his wife, and the unconscious innocence of Gennaro are so skilfully combined and illustrated—was more than ever impressive and exciting. The duet where *Lucrezia* compels her unhappy son to take the antidote—in which Grisi displayed amazing energy—and the forcible and picturesque *tableau* at the end, when Alphonso arrives just at the moment of Gennaro's departure, and confronts the distracted *Lucrezia*, brought down the curtain with all the old *eclat*. The whole representation, in short, was worthy of the theatre, and of the great artists who, for so many years, have charmed and attracted the public.

"The second act of *L'Elisir d'Amore*—with the opening scene of *Dulcamara*, 'Udite o Rustici,' interpolated—concluded the entertainments. Ronconi was never more droll, never more amusingly extravagant. Madame Bosio (Adina) sang brilliantly, Signor Lucchesi (Nemorino) extremely well, and Tagliafico (Belcore) with rare facility and spirit. It was a 'night with Donizetti,' and a very agreeable one. The house was well attended."

#### Dramatic.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—We are pleased to record that before their departure the German company found an opportunity of playing Schiller's *Brant von Messina*. During their season they have made two or three mistakes in the selection of their plays, but the production of this great lyrical tragedy gives a balance in their favour. That an engagement of sixteen nights should comprise, in addition to the pieces brought out last year, three such important novelties as *Wilhelm Tell*, *Fiesco*, and *Die Brant von Messina*, is a remarkable fact, and one which shows that the Germans have deserved more patronage than, we fear, they have obtained.

*Die Brant von Messina* is the dramatic exponent of that ideal tendency which prevailed in Schiller's latter days, and

which arose partly, perhaps, from the matured temperament of the poet himself, partly from an enthusiastic admiration of Greek models, in which he was encouraged by Göthe. The antique notion which lay at the foundation of Wallenstein here attains its fullest development, influencing not only the moral tone, but also the technical form of the drama. We are removed into an imaginary region, which, though it is called Messina, belongs to no earthly latitude whatever—a region nominally Christian, but the inhabitants of which have their mouths constantly filled with the deities of the Grecian mythology, and who are under the influence of that terrible Grecian fate, the only real deity in the system of the old tragedians. Poets of all countries, as everybody is well aware, are ready enough to borrow a little heathenism on occasion, which by no means contrasts remarkably with the avocations of ordinary life. Thus, a young gentleman of the suburbs, who addresses a copy of verses to a young lady in the neighbourhood, and therein compares her to Venus, scarcely expects that he will incur the suspicion of paganism. Cupid on a sixpenny valentine is no more surprising than the insipid quatrain which appears as his makeweight; and a little respectable party of bad musicians, forming an harmonic society, would not for a moment hesitate to acknowledge Apollo as their tutelary patron. But Schiller, in his *Braut von Messina*, goes much deeper than all this sort of thing. The Greek personages are not with him the mere ornaments of a modern substratum, the mere conventional images to eke out a line, or to supply the defects of an impotent imagination; but his play is a serious effort to regard a subject from a Greek point of view, to be in form and in sentiment a modern Sophocles. The poet, who in his youth had evidently aimed at the vulgarest "naturalness," the ring-leader of those tragic "fast men" who immediately preceded the French Revolution, and drank deeply at the spring of Jean Jacques,—the Titanic hurler of unmetrical language as the best weapon for hitting an uncultivated public—the man of the mob *par excellence* now determines to leave the earth altogether, and to soar along through an atmosphere of the purest idealism. The stage is to assume a new aspect under the new revelations of his genius. Down with all realism—illusion—"naturalness" in all its forms! Like a general who burns his ships, or a single combatant who flings away the scabbard of his sword, Schiller resolves to set up a barrier between himself and the popular school, by evoking that element of the Greek drama which is the least intelligible to the modern mind—the chorus. There is to be no retreat to popularity; and that there may be no mistake about his meaning, Schiller prefaces his play with an essay on the employment of the Greek chorus (reckoned by competent judges a masterpiece of prose composition), in which he states what the new form of tragedy is to do. It is to declare open war against naturalness—it is to banish from the world of dramatic art the various details of modern life, and place us under circumstances similar to those of *Cedipus* or *Agamemnon*; it is to furnish the personages of tragedy with an ideal garb, which may be compared with the drapery which a sculptor substitutes for the modern coat and pantaloons; it is to bring repose into the action (there is a nice unpopular element for you!) while it gives animation to the language, it is to prevent the sufferings of the *dramatis personæ* from affecting us too much. And be it borne in mind, that the resolution to be an ancient is not the crude fancy of a school-boy who knows his *Porson's Four Plays*, and nothing else, or from sheer inexperience fancies that the *Andria* of Terence,

having excited the ears of the "Old Westminster" at St. Peter's College, will be amazingly funny at the Adelphi,—it is the resolution of a dramatist who has a practical knowledge of the stage of his country, and who has achieved the most brilliant successes by dramas the reverse of classical in their form. It is not the freak of a disappointed man, who takes a malicious delight in what he knows will be distasteful to the huge public, for no one could be more honoured than Schiller in the year 1802. It is not the display of a pedant in love with his own department of learning; for we have no reason to believe that Schiller was a Greek scholar, even in a humble sense of the word.

To carry on his purpose he has invented a story of truly antique simplicity, and truly antique in its moral character. Two brothers belonging to a reigning house in Messina have hated each other from childhood, without even knowing the cause of their mutual antipathy. The cause, however, is that very Greek one—that a curse hangs over the family, as over the races of Pelops and of Cadmus. Their father, who is just dead at the commencement of the piece, carried off by force the betrothed of his father and married her, and the imprecation uttered by the bereaved ancestor on the whole of his posterity is still in full force. The mother of the unruly youths, who is the innocent cause of all the evils, and is grieved to see the State torn to pieces by their contentions, at last effects a reconciliation. Her happiness, however, is of short duration. Both the brothers have fallen in love with an unknown beauty, whom the elder one carries from a convent in which she has been placed for protection. The younger one who has supposed that the fair one's heart is his own property, stabs his brother on his finding her in his arms. A dreadful fact, which has been gradually revealing itself, now comes fully to light. The unknown beauty is the sister of the hostile brothers, placed by their mother in the convent, because, on account of an ominous dream—(here again comes the ancient element)—her father would have put her to death in infancy. The younger brother stabs himself in a fit of remorse, and the mother and daughter are the sole survivors of the reigning house. The end of Manuel and Cæsar is so far different from that of their prototypes, Eteocles and Polynices, that, whereas the hatred of the Theban brothers continued after death, so that the flames that consumed them would not unite, the Sicilian brothers are supposed to be reconciled in the tomb, and even to become a sort "*Fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera*." Don Cæsar says to his mother, who bewails the lonely state in which she will be left by his suicide—

"Wenn alle Welt dich herzlos kalt verhöhnt,  
S. flüchte du dich hin zu unserm Grabe,  
Und rufe deiner Söhne Gottheit an;  
Denn Götter sind wir daun, wir hövan dich.  
Und wie des Himmels Zwillinge dem Schiffer  
Ein leuchtend Sternbild, wollen wir mit Trost  
Dir nahe seyn und deine Seele stärken."

Those who judge of this story from a moral point of view complain that there is nothing elevating in its result. Don Cæsar kills himself when the discovery that Beatrice is his sister proves to him that nothing is to be got by his brother's murder, and hence his death is not even a noble suicide. But there is very great doubt whether Schiller intended his play to be elevating otherwise than by its æsthetic merits. The idea of fate, which he has carried to its extreme, with all its old machinery of curses, omens, dreams, and prophecies, is of itself far from ennobling, and hence we



constantly find persons, who have no conclusive argument against the doctrine of fatality, kicking against it by a sort of natural instinct. We would counsel the reader of *Die Braut* to suspend his moral judgment for awhile, and observe the wonderful solemnity with which the mysterious power is kept in his presence throughout the progress of the dark tale. The whole piece is like a variation written on the theme uttered by Ulysses in Ajax. "Man is nothing; the unfathomable agency in the back-ground is the only reality."

That the characters of *Die Braut von Messina* are all but characterless,—that there are mere symbolic outlines without colour, will, at the first glance, strike every one who takes the play in hand. Full detail of character was never, perhaps, Schiller's greatest forte, but the extreme want of individuality in *Die Braut* is not the result of any idiosyncrasy on the part of the poet. Like the idea of fate, it was adopted from an earnest desire to follow the Greek tragedians, in whom Schiller thought he could discern a similar principle. "It has struck me," he says in a letter to Göthe, "that the characters of Greek tragedy are, more or less, ideal masks, and not individuals, properly so called, as in Shakespeare's pieces and yours. Thus, for instance, Ulysses in the *Ajax* and the *Philoctetes*, is manifestly no more than the ideal of crafty, narrow-hearted cleverness, never at a loss for expedients; thus Creon, in the *Antigone*, is no more than cold regal dignity. With such characters in tragedy we can obviously get on much better; they are sooner set forth, and their characteristics are more firm and permanent." In this belief of the advantage of determining characters by a few bold touches he was confirmed by his friend, Wilhelm von Humboldt, whose commendation of his works was always in the direct proportion of their ideality.

The great peculiarity in the structure of the play, the introduction of a chorus, after the precedent of the ancients, is so far curious that the ancient manner has not been entirely preserved. There are really two choruses, composed of the retainers of the two brothers, and these, far from expressing perfect unanimity, join in the quarrels of their leaders, and, in one instance, draw swords against each other. This leads to the objection that the chorus is a sort of hybrid being, between the abstract reflector and a personage implicated in the drama, and Schiller becomes amenable to a charge of unclassicality. According to the precedent of Sophocles he would certainly be found guilty, but are the objectors quite sure that the chorus of the ancients was always excluded from a share in the action? The Eumenides of Æschylus do not certainly split into factions, but they are very important agents, as poor Orestes knows to his cost.

The most serious objection to *Die Braut von Messina* is that which is made to the unscrupulous liberties which Schiller takes with his *dramatis personæ* in making them work out the purposes of his plot. The circumstance that Don Cæsar thinks himself the accepted lover of Beatrice for no reason at all, and kills his brother when he finds his hypothesis incorrect, is not the only instance of the sort, though, perhaps, it is the strongest. At more than one stage of the story a little explanation would prevent a world of mischief, but there is a family peculiarity of secrecy, which always renders explanation impossible. We have seen even this peculiarity ascribed to fate, but we fear the fate here was Schiller's own convenience. He has, however, an illustrious precedent. Many a person on reading the *Ædipus* of Sophocles for the first time must have been surprised at the ignorance displayed by the King as to the fate of Laius.

However, all reflections on defects of plan will vanish when we contemplate the beauties of the execution. We do not know where we could find such a treasure of the highest class of lyric poetry—such a fine feeling for the beauties of the antique as in the choruses to *Die Braut von Messina*. The abundance of profound thoughts, moral and philosophical, and the artful adaptation of a varying metre to the sentiments expressed, is above all praise. The highest themes of humanity are here discussed in the highest tone of poetry, and with that solemnity which is so peculiarly antique,—and we are back again at Athens, with the old chorus of Sophocles rolling sonorously in our ears.

Long familiar with the beauties of *Die Braut von Messina*, we were not aware till now that it was so good an acting play as it really is. It seemed one of those many works, which, while they delight in the closet, are eminently unfitted for the stage. But we have been agreeably disappointed to find, that while a solemn tone, unusual in the modern drama, is sustained by good declamation on the part of principals and chorus, the visible situations that occur are powerful enough to prevent the effect of a mere monotonous reading. The German company play it admirably, and, indeed, it is well adapted to that declamatory talent which in them is superior to any other. Not only Herr Devrient as Don Manuel imparts new beauties to the poetry by the known music of his elocution, but Herr Gabillion as Don Cæsar, and Herr Dessoir as the leader of the elder chorus, leave nothing to be desired. In Herr Dessoir the ascent from reflective abstraction into tones of real pathos is exquisitely beautiful, while the passionate despair of Herr Gabillion in the last scene is given with immense force as well as elegance. Fräulein Fuhr, as Beatrice, is as unobtrusively charming as ever, and in that beautiful soliloquy in which the poet wanders with such consummate art from metre to metre, sometimes resting on the *ottava rima*, sometimes trying the effect of short lines as vehicles for emotional expressions, she abandons herself to the spirit of the words with the finest power of appreciation. The concluding lines of the choral strophes spoken by the chorus *en masse* have the same imposing effect as the making of the oath in *Wilhelm Tell*.

Mr. Mitchell has now closed his varied season, his last troop, the Germans, taking leave of the audience in *Wilhelm Tell*, which has proved one of the most successful pieces of their *répertoire*.

The stars of his season have been M. Ravel, Mademoiselle Lambert, Mademoiselle Luther, Mademoiselle Page, M. Lafont, M. Regnier, Mademoiselle Madeline Brohan, Mademoiselle Rachel, Herr Devrient, Herr Dessoir, Fräulein Fuhr, Fräulein Stolte, and Herr Brinstell; and this creditable list of foreign names, ranged in tolerably chronological order, is sufficient without further comment to prove the enterprise of the manager, who, while he was engaged in the direction of his theatre, was also recreating the public with the Cologne vocalists in the Hanover Square Rooms.

#### CHURCH ORGANISTS.

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

We have frequently felt it our duty, as one of the representatives of the musical profession, to request the attention of the public, and particularly of those officers of the church who have any control over its musical service, to the inadequate remuneration of Church Organists. This fact of course is productive of many of the evils complained of by the more intelligent members of our metropolitan congregations. Why the Organist (who

must have received, if he be moderately qualified for his situation, a least an average general as well as musical education) should be the only officer of the church who is so poorly paid, we have never been able to understand. The beadle, in all the "pride and pomp" of gold lace, rejoicing in a salary of some sixty pounds a-year, and doubtless would fain prefer his "perquisites" to an even sixty more: his duties are far from laborious, and only occasional: his education is not required to be of the very highest class, nor will the manner in which his important trusts are fulfilled always bear the strictest scrutiny—yet how superior his parochial stipend to that of the organist! We can divine no reason for this inequality of remuneration. Is the conductor of the musical part of public worship a less responsible officer than he of the gold lace and active cane? If not, why is his office neglected? Why his exertions, if noticed at all, only noticed to be criticised or condemned? Is he not the target in this respect of almost every young lady who can play "the scales"? Then is it not surprising that a musician can be found to undertake and patiently bear these weighty duties, this contumely, this open and loose criticism, for the sum of twenty pounds a-year? Yet of this kind we hear of frequent instances. But then the question arises—are the duties properly performed? We have no hesitation in answering in the negative. And this is the secret of the constant complaints, not only by the clergy, but by the authorities generally, of the inefficiency and unsuitableness of our musical church services. Let uneducated men ascend the pulpits of our churches, will their teaching be listened to—will their ministry be received with favour, or be crowned with success? It is an impossible supposition: surely the argument will apply, though in a less degree, to him who conducts the musical service. We have no wish to exaggerate the importance of the duties of the Organist's office: let him be but fairly remunerated, and also feel that he has the power to do as he thinks best in the office to which he is appointed, and we will answer not only for the improved performance of the service, but of the condition of choirs generally.

Our attention has been directed to this subject by an advertisement in the *Times*, a copy of which, with merely the omission of the name and locality of the church, we here subjoin:—

**TO ORGANISTS.—WANTED** immediately, an ORGANIST for — Church, —, Salary £20. Attendance will be required three times on Sunday, and on Thursday evenings. Apply by post, pre-paid, to Rev. —. Copies of testimonials must be sent with the application.

Now we should be glad to learn what kind of Organists can be found to undertake the duties here set forth, for the sum of twenty pounds a-year? To fulfil such an appointment, a professional man must frequently on the week-day evening sacrifice an engagement which would bring him in three times the amount proposed to be paid for the whole week: he must consent to abandon all rest and relaxation, and that on the only day that he is entitled to expect it; in fact, deliver himself up into the hands of the parochial authorities to be lectured, reprov'd, advised, and taught for the pittance that a pew-opener is placed in a more independent situation for. No professional musician will of course accept the appointment: then, as a matter of course, it falls into the hands of the inexperienced and unqualified amateur. The service is slovenly performed—irregularity of attendance and uncertainty of finger and foot are the consequences; and hence the little respect paid to the calling of the Church Organist.

In reference to the advertisement above quoted, on making inquiry in the neighbourhood of the church for which the Organist (or rather the person to play the organ) is required, we find that within a very short distance of it, an Organist (a lady) receives forty pounds a-year: this sum, although not adequate, is a great improvement upon that offered in the announcement upon which we have commented; the reason for the difference in the salaries of the Organists of the neighbouring churches does not plainly exhibit itself.

As a general observation we may state, that no class of professional musicians is so badly paid, and so constantly ill-treated, as that to which the Church Organists belong.

## Original Correspondence.

### ORGANIST ELECTIONS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Birmingham, August 2nd, 1853.

SIR,—The letter of "Veritas" in the "*World*" of May 21st, graphically describing the "injustice and indignities" exercised towards his friend by a "Christian oppressor," has caused no little sensation and inquiry in this town where the circumstances and parties are so well known. All your readers must have agreed with "Veritas" in his able remarks, calling upon Organists to assert and maintain their own rights, thereby showing their employers, that they, at least, respect themselves, by refusing to "hold the candle" of even "wear livery" for the sake of this world's goods.

Now, as the letter in question has often been alluded to by your correspondents, I take the liberty, through your pages, of asking "Veritas" whether it is true that his protégé, after the "*unparalleled injustice*" exercised towards him, has thought it necessary, in order to sustain the high position of organist, to apologize to his "worthy incumbent," and moreover that he has consented to play for three months gratuitously. If organists can be found to act in this manner, the office may well become one, as "Veritas" says, "the most degrading and contemptible." Yours truly,

AN AMATEUR.

Islington, August 1st, 1853.

SIR,—Having seen two letters in the *Musical World* relative to the election of Organist at the Chapel of Ease, Islington, I beg to state what I know for a fact, which the committee cannot deny, that they had agreed before any trial of Candidates had taken place, that they would only support the lady who has been recently elected. There were three candidates selected by the Committee and Umpire out of ten who performed (it was stated in the letters to the candidates that the umpire was only employed to "assist the committee in their selection" at this sham trial; doubtless there was a reason for this; selection indeed! when they had selected long before a note was played on the organ; the lady before alluded to was, I suppose, one of the three, the other two being gentlemen. These two candidates were immediately written to, and recommended to at once withdraw, and not canvass the parish, or demand a poll, as the committee did not want it thrown open to the parish to elect (which has always before been the custom in the election of parish officers), as they were determined, and had promised long before, only to support this lady. It is a pity these two candidates did not demand a poll, which they had the right to do; as then very probably the committee would have been foiled in their schemes. Nothing can be more insulting than to allure Professors of Music to a pretended fair trial of skill, and then tell them to go about their business after they have served the purpose for which they had been allured. I do not question the right of committees or others electing whom they please; but why cannot they settle the matter privately, instead of inserting an advertisement in *The Times* inviting candidates to come forward, and giving fifty or sixty of them the trouble of sending in their testimonials, and ten of their number (some who, perhaps, reside at a great distance) the inconvenience of attending one day to try the organ, and another day to exhibit at a mock trial of skill, as if their time was of no consequence whatever. This is by no means the only instance of the decision being made beforehand, a deceit and unfairness may be said to be the rule in these cases; impartiality the exception; so that a talent equal to Bach or Handel would stand no chance in these days of Organ Committees. It is high time that these sort of doings should be exposed. I have been told that the lady who has succeeded, promised to play exactly as the committee liked, which it was alleged the other organist who had held the situation, had not,—no musician of any independence or proper feeling for his art being willing to listen to the absurd suggestions and insulting dictations of ignorant pretenders. The authorities of the Chapel of Ease have behaved shamefully to their organists; the first, a lady who held the situation ever since the chapel had been built, was obliged to resign after many years of faithful service, merely on account of



the whims and caprices of certain "sufficient judges;" her successor, a well known musician and author of several literary productions, fared no better, being obliged to resign after nine years being dictated to, and sent anonymous letters, and at last refused to be paid. The last organist could only bear their insults for three years, throwing up his situation in disgust; hence the present election. I defy the committee to deny what I have set forth. From what I have stated it may be thought I was a candidate at this election; but I beg distinctly to state that I was not. It will now be seen that "An Advocate for Justice" was not mistaken about there being a "Favorite." Hoping you will kindly insert these remarks,

I remain, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
A PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

## MUSIC AT GLOUCESTER.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—While the progress of music in many English towns has been brought from time to time before the notice of the public, the state of the art in Gloucester has been overlooked; yet few towns possess more claim to notice. Under the impression that any information on the subject will gratify your readers, the following brief account is submitted.

The first object that claims notice on entering the cathedral is the organ, which has recently been enlarged and improved by Mr. H. Willis, of London. This instrument contains twelve stops in the swell—compass four and a half octaves, C C to F. Ten stops in the great organ—compass five and a half between C C to F. Five stops in the choir—compass nearly five octaves, G G to F. Pedal organ, open diapason two and a quarter octaves. Nine composition stops and couplers.

The cathedral choir is also worthy of notice. It has on the foundation eight boys and six men. About a twelvemonth since, the Chapter appointed three additional men to attend on Sundays, and once in the week, and at all festivals: two boys additional attend as supernumeraries.

Gloucester possesses several musical societies. The principal of these associations are the Choral and Vocal Harmonic Societies. The former was established about ten years since. Presidents of this society, Mr. Turner, and Mr. C. Price. The members of the Choral Society meet once a week to practise, and give three or four public performances during the winter season. Several of the members take the leading parts with great credit. The performances generally consist of Oratorios, such as the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, &c. To defray the expenses of this society, each member subscribes one shilling per quarter. The conductor, Mr. Amott, is organist of the Cathedral, and conductor of the Gloucester Musical Festivals. The Choral Society was originally formed from classes on the Hullah system, under the management of Mr. Higgs.

The Vocal Harmonic Society was instituted shortly after the Choral Society. The members are chiefly amateurs, who are aided by the principal professors in the city. This society meets once a fortnight alternately in the evening, at the house of one of the members, but previous to the meeting they have a rehearsal of the music to be performed.

The meetings are kept up with spirit, and the performances are much superior to what is usually heard in private. The following may serve as a general example of the programmes:—

PART FIRST.—Selection from *Elijah*:—Duet and Chorus, "Lord bow thine ear;" Recit and Air, "If with all your hearts;" Double Quartett, "For he shall give;" Quartett, "Cast thy burden;" Air, "Hear ye Israel;" Chorus, "Be not afraid;" Recit, "Man of God;" Air, "It is enough;" Trio, "Lift thine eyes;" Chorus, "The watching."

PART SECOND.—Ecco quel fiero, (Costa); Selection from "The Orpheus," (De Call); Quartett, "Over the dark blue waters," (Weber); Selection from "The Orpheus," (Mendelssohn); Duet, "Sezin O Cara," (Spohr); "Who shall strike the deer," (Bishop).

A number of private concerts are given during the winter. A professional lady from Bath, who was present at one given by Mrs. G—, said that "in Bath such talent could not be found."

A professor of music, who was also present on this occasion remarked "that even in London he had never heard a greater display in private." But perhaps the most interesting feature of this concert was the singing of an amateur who had entered his eighty first year. Years seemed neither to have impaired his voice, no lessened his enthusiasm.

The programme of this concert was as follows.

PART FIRST.—Quartett, "Over the dark blue waters," (Weber); Pianoforte Solo, "Les Hirondelles of Schirra," (David); Quartett, "Believe me tears," (Sir H. Bishop); Pianoforte Solo, Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, (Mendelssohn); Canon, Fidelio, (Beethoven).

PART SECOND.—Pianoforte Duet, a Tyrolian Air with Variations; Duet, Sezin Cara, (Spohr); Pianoforte Solo, Dolores Serenade Melancolique, by Esain; Glee, by Celia's Arbour, (Horsley); Duet, Oh! che gioia, che contento, (Spohr); Quartett, Ecco quel fiero istante, (Costa).

The musical taste of the inhabitants of this city has induced several professors of merit to make it their permanent abode, and it is to their credit that they at all times willingly assist in the performances given by amateurs. An instance occurred a short time before the period of my visit. An amateur was anxious to have Mozart's Twelfth Mass performed at his residence. On making known his wishes, it met with a ready acquiescence from both professors and amateurs, who cheerfully lent their aid in performing this beautiful composition, with a full orchestra. Without stating the number of vocal and instrumental performers in Gloucester, this fact will be sufficient to show that their number must be considerable. If other towns would give the same encouragement to music, a rational source of enjoyment would be opened to all ranks, and a still closer bond of union added to the domestic circle.

JANE MILNE JAMESON.

## Reviews of Music.

"FESTIVAL GALOP"—"STAR SCHOTTISCHE"—"SCOTIA"—VALLE BRILLANTE—"LA BELLE DE LA POLOGNE"—FANTASIA, A LA MAZURKA: Composed by CROSHAW JOHNSON.—Brewer and Co.

The aim of these pieces of Mr. Croshaw Johnson—a professor of deservedly high standing in the city of Glasgow—is accomplished with ease and with grace. Mr. Johnson would entertain his pupils with some light bagatelles, which, while exercising their fingers moderately, might entertain without greatly exciting their imaginations. He has accomplished his purpose most successfully. They are all, properly speaking, *morceaux de danse*, but, in the case of "La Belle de la Pologne," which contains several subjects, all pretty and hanging well together, Mr. Croshaw Johnson's ambition has led him to extend his plan over the surface of nine pages, which he has covered pleasantly enough.

The Fantasia is dedicated with great spirit to Brinley Richards, under whose brilliant fingers it would doubtless run smoothly.

The "Festival Galop"—dedicated to Mrs. Alton, of Stockbriggs—is a short trifle, but lively, sparkling, and exceedingly facile.

The "Star Schottische"—dedicated to Grattan Cooke, Esq., 2nd Life Guards—is a very pretty Schottische, and as original as a Schottische, and more especially a "Star Schottische," is likely to be at the present time.

Next to the Mazurka, the "Scotia"—dedicated to Mrs. John Muir Wood, is the most extended. This is a very elegant valse, in F, with a cantabile episode, which embraces a graceful *scherzando*. The whole is well written and effective.

Mr. Croshaw Johnson's pieces may be recommended to country performers as easy and useful, and suitable to pupils not too far advanced in their studies.

"MORNING MIST."—"THE RAINBOW."—For the Pianoforte. By WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALLCOTT. T. Chappell.

What with these dews and mists, and misty dews, and dewy mists, which are continually descending upon the keys of the piano, the time will surely come when the fingers of the most expert player must slip off the instrument. The talented George Osborne is the innocent cause of it all. He gives a shower of pearls to the public, and straitway another, less gifted than he, presents a shower of

locusts; another of frogs, and so on. George Osborne offers a "Dew," and forthwith Hutchins Callcott tenders a "Mist." We should not like to have missed this "Dew," but we should like to say, "Adieu" to this "Mist"—which, though dedicated to George Osborne, is none the worse for that. The clearest part of the piece is the opening, which describes the mist. The obscurest is that where the mist is supposed to have vanished, and, as the son of Thom saith, seasonably—

"Lo! now apparent all—  
—Prime cheerer, Light—"

comes out. We like not these mists. Away with them; they muddle us!

The "Mist" is arranged for four hands, as well as for two; by which it is almost thickened into a fog.

The "Rainbow" follows the mist; and we must own that, as much more grateful as Nature's rainbow is to Nature's fog, so much less foggy is Mr. Callcott's "Rainbow" than his "Mist." It is a good rainbow of its prisms; and after having played it through, we countermanded the umbrella which we had called for in the midst of the "Mist." In short, to say sooth, Mr. Callcott's "Bow," considered as a Waltz, is *beau*; but considered as a "Bow" is not *beau*; since that alone is *beau* which is what it affects to be—which Mr. Callcott's "Bow," although it affects to be, is not. But, considered as a piece of music, it may not be affirmed of him that wrote it—"He cannot say 'bo' to a goose."

Bow, wow, wow!

(Enter Rommi with an invitation to dine at the Rainbow.)

Seriously—it is too bad that, because a popular writer composes a piece, and chooses to give it a fancy title, and that, because the piece thus fancifully intitled achieves unusual success, a dozen others should spring up and compose pieces with similar fancy titles; as though, for instance, there was nothing in Mr. Osborne's "Pluie de Perles" but the name; or in his "Evening Dew," which is just as popular. Now, Mr. Callcott has written a "Waterfall," and why should not Mr. Osborne, in the same spirit, start up eagerly, with a "Fall in the Funds," or a "Foot-fall," or a "Fall from the Balcony?" Viewing the present state of the art of composition for the pianoforte, we are inclined to ejaculate, with the poet—

"Fallen! fallen!! fallen!!!"—

from high to low, since Dussek and Steibelt wrote concertos. It is, forsooth, "High Life Below Stairs"—and in highlows—what our pianoforte writers, from high to low, are daily perpetrating. Still—to give Mr. Callcott his due—his "Dew" is a pretty teaching piece, well-written for the instrument, and easy; and so is his "Mist"—which we would not have missed saying, willingly. By the way, we are in error: the "Dew" is Mr. Osborne's, and not Mr. Callcott's. The difficulty, however, in this reign of rainy pieces, is to distinguish one from another. We rarely do. Reader—d' you?

### Literary Review.

ON CONSUMPTION; ITS NATURE, SYMPTOMS, AND TREATMENT.—To which treatise was awarded the Fothergillian Gold Medal of the Medical Society of London. By Richard Payne Cotton, M.D., Assistant-Physician to the Hospital for Consumption, &c. 8vo. London, Churchill, Princes-street.

Few subjects are of such popular interest as that of consumption, yet upon few are there so many popular errors. It has long been supposed, for instance, that the disease is more rife in this country than elsewhere; that it attacks only the feeble in constitution, and is always derived from some hereditary cause; and, that it is a malady, which, in this climate at least, is necessarily and invariably fatal. Hence consumption has been styled the "English disease;" persons free from a family predisposition to it, are apt to disregard its threatenings; and, worse than all, those whom it attacks are thoughtlessly banished from their native land, and are left to die unsoled and unheeded in some distant clime. To correct such errors, both in theory and in practice—to tell us what we already know, and in what our knowledge falls short as

to the history, the causes, and the treatment of consumption, is the laudable object of the work before us; and admirably well does it appear to fulfil it. We cannot give an analysis of Dr. Cotton's treatise; our space forbids it, even had we the ability to accomplish it. Those, however,—who are interested in the subject—will find, as we have done, in the pages before us, a clear, concise, and ably-written exposition of every important point connected with the disease; and will scarcely fail to gather much valuable instruction in reference to its avoidance as well as to its treatment.

### Foreign.

PARIS.—Madame Charton Demeur is engaged at the *Opera Comique*, and will perform some of her favourite characters, including *Le Domino Noir* and *le Caid*. M. Corti has resigned the direction of the *Théâtre Italien*. One season has sufficed to show him the difficulties of operatic management. M. Blumenthal is in Paris, *en route* for Switzerland. Sivori has quite recovered from his late accident, and has stated his intention of resuming his concerts in conjunction with M. Richard Mulder, his *compagnon de voyage*.

The French Opera, which is to re-open in a few days, with the *salle* completely cleansed, restored, and ornamented, is about, it is said, to cease to be under the direction of M. Roqueplan, whose affairs we believed to be in an embarrassed position. His successor will probably be M. Poirson, formerly manager of the *Gymnase*.—(From the *Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle*.)

BADEN-BADEN.—The first of the series of concerts intended to be given by Ernst, MM. Seligmann and Ehrlich took place on the 16th ult. The grand saloon could not contain half the crowd who flocked to hear these talented artists. The programme consisted solely of instrumental chamber-music—a quartet by Beethoven, variations for piano and violin by the same author, and solos by Ernst and Seligmann. The success was complete. For the second concert, which took place on the 23rd ult., Mdlle. Wertheimer and M. Lyon were engaged. The lady sang an aria by Verdi, which did not meet with much success, but she had her revenge in an air from the *Carillon-nour de Bruges*, for which she received three rounds of well-merited applause. M. Lyon sung twice; he has a very agreeable voice, and the audience were pleased with him. A trio by Beethoven was admirably executed by Ernst, Ehrlich, and Seligmann. M. Ehrlich played two *morceaux* of his own composition, and M. Seligmann came in for his share of applause in his *fantasie on la Juive* and *l'Eclair*. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm that greeted Ernst in his *Feuillet d'album* (from the "Gages d'amitie"); and in his *Carnaval de Venise*, the applause was immense, and the great violinist was unanimously proclaimed the German Paganini. A grand festival is announced for the 20th August, at which Hector Berlioz will conduct his *Symphonie cantate—Romeo et Juliette*.

COLOGNE.—Mademoiselle Johanna Wagner has made her debut in this city, and met with a success worthy of her great reputation. She appeared in the part of Romeo, and was well supported by Madame Rudersdorf, as Juliette.

WIESBADEN.—M. Vieuxtemps is about to give a concert at this fashionable town.

MAGDEBURG.—Herr Hartung, who is condemned to death for poisoning, has petitioned the King to adjourn his execution till he has finished an opera, of which he has written the libretto, and has almost finished the music!

MDLLE. CLAUSSE has returned from Dieppe. She intends to remain in England until the middle of September, having, we believe, several provincial engagements.

## AN ACCOUNT OF TURKISH MUSIC.

(From T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Oriental Music*.)

It has been ascertained from the best authorities that it was not till the reign of the Sultan Amurath, that the art of music was cultivated or known amongst the Turks, and they undoubtedly derived it from Persia.

When Amurath conquered Bagdad, he ordered a general massacre of the Persians. A harper, named Sach-Cule, however, played an air so pathetic and affecting a nature, that the Sultan was influenced by it to put a stop to the execution of his harsh decree. The musician and four of his companions were conducted to Constantinople; and by them the knowledge of music was imparted to the Turks. Music flourished under Mahomet the Fourth, chiefly through the exertions of Osman Effendi, who was an able musician, teaching as well as practising the art, and forming a great number of scholars. The first, however, that applied notes to Turkish airs was Prince Cantemir, who dedicated a volume of melodies, now very rare, to Achmet the Second. The Turks prize this work, but seldom use it. They compose and execute from memory, it being extremely difficult to reduce to a regular scale the notation of Turkish music. They are not, however, without a system or rules; for their music has not only all the times and sounds of ours, but, possessing quarter tones, is much richer in materials, and consequently, much more melodious. The Turks make music a part of the education of the higher orders; and the Sultan has a magnificent band, composed of the best musicians in Constantinople. They play in unison, or in octaves; which practice, though hostile to harmony, in the musical sense of the word, is productive of a grand martial effect, and is very imposing. The musical instruments of the Turks are:—1. The *Keman*; 2. The *Ajakli-keman*; 3. The *Sine-keman*; all of the violin kind, and resembling our violin, the bass viol, and the viol d'amour. 4. The *Rebab*, a two-stringed instrument, played with a bow; it is shaped like a sphere, and is now little used. 5. The *Tambour*, which is an instrument of eight strings, with a long handle, on which the scale of notes is marked. This instrument is played upon with a small flexible plate of tortoise-shell. 6. The *Nei*, a flute made of cane, the fashionable instrument among persons of rank. 7. The *Ghirif*, a species of octave flute. 8. The *Mescal*, an instrument like the syrinx, composed of twenty-three cane pipes of unequal length, each of which gives three different sounds, from the manner of blowing it. 9. The *Santur*, or psaltery, which is the same as our instrument of that name. 10. The *Canun*, or psaltery, with catgut-strings, on which the ladies of the seraglio play with a tortoise-shell plectrum.

The military instruments are:—1. The *Zurna*, and 2. The *Kaba-surna*, a large and small oboe. 3. The *Boru*, a tin trumpet. 4. The *Zil*, or cymbals. 5. The *Daul*, or large drum. 6. The *Tombaleh*, a small drum. 8. The Triangle. 9. An instrument formed of several small bells, hung on an inverted crescent, which is fixed on the top of a staff about six feet high, and played by agitating it. This instrument may be seen in the hands of many of the itinerant musicians, and was formerly used in several of our military bands.

Among the wind instruments used by the Turks, is also a flute, called *solamanie*; it is entirely open, and without any reed, so that to fill it is no easy matter. This is the favourite instrument of the Merlavi dervishes, who excel in playing on the flute; it is made either of a reed or of a piece of fine wood. The *sumara* is a sort of flute with two pipes; the shorter is used for playing airs, and the latter for a continued bass.

The dancing dervishes of Turkey (who resemble those of Persia, already mentioned) have often been described, and by no traveller more vividly than Mr. M'Farlane, in the "Appendix" to his clever work, entitled "Constantinople in 1828." The music to which these dervishes perform their rotatory ambulations, is composed of tambourines, small drums, and Turkish flutes, or pipes. The ceremony commences with prayer, then they "begin to chant in a very slow, mild, and subdued tone, turning round at first very slowly, and in time with the low and deliberate notes of the music. This slow motion increases till it becomes a rapid whirl, which they continue ten or fifteen minutes, to the wild thrilling notes of the choir. An instantaneous pause ensues, which is followed, after a rest, by another dance; and that by a third, generally wilder, more rapid,

and more maniac-like, than the preceding. The sounds of *Allah il Allah, La illa il Allah*, rose louder and shriller," says Mr. M'Farlane, describing this third dance, as he witnessed it at Pera; "the measure of the music was quicker, and more inspiring; the pipes screamed, the tambourines and little Eastern drums clanged, the dancers spun round, marking their orbits with perspiration, which fell in large drops on the floor; the eyes of the Moslem spectators glistened with delight; the immobility of their form and face was gone, they seemed electrified, and to own, in an extended degree, the effect of ancient music on the savage mind, as described by some historians,—an effect strengthened by the rapid, giddy whirl before them, and form that mysterious, but existing connexion, between sound and motion. The low, wooden dome, re-echoed and trembled to the efforts of the minstrels; and the whole *Techrè* at last (to my eyes) seemed to reel round with the frantic dancers."

## HAYDN.

Haydn was the first of the great trio of modern musicians, so gloriously completed by Mozart and Beethoven. It is to him that instrumental music is indebted for that vigour and independence which the old masters, both of Italy and Germany, failed to bestow on it; and if he be not strictly entitled to be regarded as the parent of *Symphony*, he at any rate fostered its growth and made it what it now is. Even to this day Haydn's symphonies, so simple, so sweet and graceful, so full of life and gaiety, so original and piquant in their style, may well contest the palm with those of his successors, Mozart and Beethoven, although the latter have produced works of larger proportions, and more powerful effects.

Haydn's quartets are still looked upon as the works of a master mind. Many of them retain all their primitive freshness, their pristine bloom, although upwards of half a century has elapsed since the creation of many of them; and although two new musical generations have since arisen, headed, the one by a Mozart and the other by a Beethoven, who have both zealously and earnestly endeavoured, not only to leave their predecessors far behind, but to efface their works from the memory of man.

His oratorio, *The Creation*, furnishes ample proof that before his day none knew so well how to combine the vocal and instrumental parts, without encroaching on the privileges of either. This work, with the exception of a few blemishes, caused by too close an imitation of material objects, is a masterpiece of grace, elegance, and energy, and, translated into every language, has excited the admiration of every civilized people.

The *Seasons* and the *Saviour's Seven Words on the Cross*, have, each in its respective style, attained an incontestable degree of superiority, and well deserve the first place in the enumeration of his works.

Haydn was one of those bright luminaries whose splendour we love to look upon, whose origin we fain would trace. To discover where first it rose, we must seek the lowly shed of a humble cartwright.

Francis Joseph Haydn first saw the light at Rohrau, seven leagues from Vienna, on the 31st of March, 1732. He was the eldest of a numerous family; his father, Matthias Haydn, having been twice married, had twenty children by his two wives. Besides his trade of cartwright, Matthias performed the functions of district magistrate and sacristan of the parish church. Having a fine tenor voice, and during his travels in Germany having learnt to play a little on the harp, he amused himself on holidays by playing and singing with his wife.

Joseph Haydn was but seven years of age when he gave the first indications of his musical instinct, by accompanying his mother's voice on two pieces of wood, which he held as a violin and bow. It happened that a cousin of Haydn, named Frank, a schoolmaster at Hamburg, and a tolerable professor of music, was present at one of those duets, and was much struck by the precision with which the child beat time, and handled his mimic bow. He thought such a disposition worthy of cultivation, and offered to take little Joseph under his charge. The boy had scarcely arrived at his cousin's house ere he discovered a pair of kettle-drums, and succeeded in producing a kind of melody from an in-



strument possessing only two tones. In a short time Frank taught him to play several instruments, and his fine voice soon became conspicuous in the organ-loft.

It was there that Reuter took notice of him, and immediately conceived the idea of taking him to sing at St. Stephen's Chapel in Vienna.

He continued for several years under Rueter's tuition, and was but ten years old when he composed sonatas for three instruments, which were subsequently printed at London. Two years later, the juvenile musician, without guide or instruction, had the ambition to write a mass for four voices and sixteen instruments, which he brought in triumph to his master. Reuter laughed at his production, and made him aware that, ignorant as he was how to write even for two voices, his work was utterly worthless; and Haydn was soon convinced of this melancholy truth by comparing it with the scores of other composers.

This circumstance showed him the necessity of taking lessons in harmony and composition; but he had not a farthing he could call his own, and no master at Vienna came forward to offer him gratuitous instruction. Haydn endeavoured to supply his wants in this respect by copying, night and day, the theoretical works of Mattheson, Fuchs, and Emmanuel Bach. When he failed in understanding the meaning of any rule, he did not venture to apply to his master or fellow pupils, but set to work again until he fancied he had solved his difficulty. Haydn took so much delight in his arduous task, that, poor as he then was, benumbed with cold, and sinking from want of sleep, once at his harpsicord he deemed himself "blest as the immortal gods;" and when, in after years, his position became brilliant, he would often declare that those were the happiest days he had ever enjoyed.

On the celebrated Porpora's accompanying the Venetian ambassador to Vienna, Haydn, in his ardent desire to listen to the great composer's advice, exerted himself with such effect as to succeed in introducing himself to the Ambassador, who carried him to the springs at Manensdorf. Whilst there, he endeavoured to insinuate himself into Porpora's good graces, by getting up early in the morning, brushing the Neapolitan maestro's clothes, cleaning his shoes, dressing his old wig, and performing, in short, all kinds of menial offices for him. Porpora was, in the first instance, untouched by these attentions; but becoming struck with young Haydn's brilliant qualities, he honoured him with his advice, and subsequently made him accompany his compositions, which from their difficult style and scientific modulations, were extremely instructive for Haydn. His love of science sustained him through the various humiliations he had to endure, and procured him at length a stipend of six sequins a month from the Ambassador, exclusive of his board. The resolute youth, to free himself of the cares of poverty, employed his mornings in augmenting his slender income. At early dawn he repaired to the Church of the Fathers of Mercy, to play second violin; thence he went to play the organ in Count Haugwitz's chapel, and then went to sing at St. Stephen's. In spite of his application, and that aptitude for study that would rather seem the portion of one taking a serious view of life, Haydn was of most cheerful temperament, as was evinced by the originality of his sallies, and would often divert himself at his fellow pupils' expense. He went the length of cutting off the pigtail of one of them, and the reward of his practical joke was his expulsion from St. Stephen's, to which he had been attached for eleven years.

This juvenile frolic would probably have driven him back to that precarious state from whence he had emerged with so much difficulty, had he not fallen in with a wigmaker, of the name of Keller, who, from hearing him sing at the cathedral, had taken a violent fancy to him, on account of his fine voice and good style. He not only supplied him with board and lodging, but insisted on his wife looking after his *protégé's* linen; he treated him, in short, as though he were a child of his own. During his stay at Keller's Haydn devoted himself to study with more zeal than ever. He began by composing for his pupils a few little sonatas for the piano, which produced but little profit, in a pecuniary point of view; he wrote waltz airs, and *allemandes* for evening parties; and at length composed a serenade for three instruments, which he and his friends played at night in the streets of Vienna.

The manager at the Carinthian Gate, named Bernadone Curtz, had a very pretty wife. Haydn and his friends did not omit to give her a serenade under her windows. Bernadone, on hearing such beautiful music, wished to become acquainted with its author, and going down into the street, asked who had composed it.

"I," answered Haydn.

"You!"

"Yes, I."

"So young?"

"Everything must have a beginning, and I wished to try my strength."

"And right well have you succeeded—will you write an opera for me?"

"I have no objection, but I have never written one yet."

"I will teach you."

"In that case I will do my best."

"Follow me."

Haydn accompanied Curtz to his house, and soon returned with a libretto, entitled *The Devil on two Sticks*.

The foregoing anecdote is extracted word for word from Haydn's biography, published by Joseph Carpani, who heard the particulars from Haydn himself, with whom he was very intimate. We will let this author, or rather Haydn, tell his own story, as to Bernadone's manner of assisting him to compose his first opera.

(To be continued.)

### Provincial.

LEEDS.—The new oratorio, *Israel Restored*, by Dr. Bexfield was performed at the Music Hall, on Monday last, by the Leeds Choral Society, assisted by Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Deakin, Mr. Perring, and Mr. Weiss, as principals. The band and chorus consisted of upwards of one hundred performers, led by Mr. Haddock, and conducted by Dr. Bexfield. Mr. Burton presided at the harmonium, a substitute for the organ—the oratorio having a separate organ part. The performance, as a whole, may be fairly said to be one of the best ever given by this society. Judging from the many *encores*, the work may be said to have created a sensation among the musical part of the audience. The front seats were thinly attended, owing to most of the principal families being out of town. The unreserved seats and gallery were crowded to excess, and although the performance commenced at a quarter before eight and did not conclude until past eleven o'clock, the audience seemed to sit in contentment to the last. The opening recitative, "He that sitteth in the Heavens," was given with great effect by Mr. Perring, and the brass instruments told well. The choruses, "He shall speak unto them," and "Blow the trumpet in Zion," were both successfully performed. The tenor solo, "O Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets," sung by Mr. Perring, is better suited for church-service than the concert-room. The chorus, "Happy shall he be that rewardeth Thee," was enthusiastically encored. The unaccompanied quartett, "Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness," was well sung by Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Calvert, Mr. Perring, and Mr. Weiss. The choral prayer (in Canon) "O Lord be gracious unto us," ending with a chorus of eight parts, was given with effect. The bass recit., by Mr. Weiss, "Many oxen are about me," and the song in E major, "Hear, O Lord," were the best solos by this gentleman. The choruses, "There is none like the God of Jeshurun," and "The eternal God is my refuge," produced a marked effect. The song, "Fear not thou, my servant Jacob," sung by Mrs. Sunderland, was loudly encored. The song for contralto, "O be favourable and gracious unto Zion," was sung by Miss Deakin in a very chaste style; but we think that the part allotted to this lady throughout the oratorio was too low for her voice. The Hebrew chorale, "God called and said," and chorus, "I am the God of thy father," based on an ancient Hebrew melody, were very effective. The recit. (accompanied) "Who are these that fly as a cloud?" was sweetly sung by Mrs. Sunderland, and the accompaniments had a pleasing effect, particularly the flute, by Mr. White. The grand chorus, "Lift thine eyes round about," was unanimously encored. In the quartett and chorus, "Bless the Lord, O house of Israel,"

the effect of the harmonium in the organ part was agreeable. In the song, by Mrs. Sunderland, "Thy sun shall not go down," the horn *obligato* was well played by one of the band of the 28th regiment. Nothing but the lateness of the evening prevented an encore. Another song, "Thy way, O God, is holy," was very chastely sung by Mrs. Sunderland. The interlude for the band, descriptive of a calm; the storm chorus, "Thou hast mightily delivered thy people," and the jubilate chorus, "Awake, awake," the quartett, "Praise the Lord," with harmonium *obligato*, and the finale chorus, "Marvellous are thy works, Lord God," with fugue "Hallelujah, Amen," were all effective. We are glad to hear that by this oratorio the members of the Leeds Choral Society will be enabled to add £20 more to their increasing fund—for which they are principally indebted to the spirited exertions of Mr. Mellor.—*Abridged from the "Leeds Mercury," July 30.*

The Leeds Choral Society having determined to raise a fund for the relief of its members in time of sickness, death, or other casualties, has for some time past actively engaged itself in accomplishing this end. The proceeds of oratorios having been appropriated to form a fund for this purpose, it was thought that the object in view might be materially advanced if an appeal were made to the sympathies of their townsmen who take an interest in sacred, but especially church, music. Accordingly, by the kind permission of Dr. Hook, it was arranged that the choir of the Leeds Parish Church, augmented by the principal members of the society, should perform a full choral service, and that after an appeal by sermon from the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Ripon (who consented to preach on the occasion) a collection should be made to assist in forwarding the Choral Society's laudable purpose. Last Sunday was fixed upon for the service to take place; the church was crowded to excess: thousands were assembled within the walls, and hundreds were unable to gain admission. At three o'clock a procession, consisting of sixty choristers in surplices, followed by the officiating clergy, proceeded from the ante-chapel to the stalls in the choir, Dr. Bexfield playing a symphony on the organ. The prayers were said by the Rev. N. Greenwell, the precentor, and the lessons were read by the Rev. Wm. West. After the third collect, an anthem from the *Last Judgment*, by Spohr—"Lord, God of Heaven and Earth"—was given with great effect. The anthem preceding the sermon was selected from *The Messiah*; this was followed by the Hallelujah Chorus, sung by the full choir, and was truly sublime. At the close of the anthem, the Dean of Ripon advocated the cause of the Choral Society in a most able sermon, taking for his text, St. James iii. 8, 9, 10. The discourse was listened to throughout with the utmost attention. The collection amounted to £33. The accompaniments on the organ by Mr. Burton were everything that could be desired, and the voluntaries by Dr. Bexfield reminded us of the happiest efforts of Dr. Wesley. We wish this society every success.—*"Leeds Intelligencer," July 30.*

**MANCHESTER.**—The first Gentleman's Concert took place at the Concert Hall, on Monday evening. The programme was as follows:—

**PART FIRST.**—Overture, Oberon (Weber); Duetto, Mad. Doria and Herr Reichart (Spohr); Aria, M. Lefort (Mehul); Scena, Mdle. Agnes Bury, Infelice (Mendelssohn); Concerto, pianoforte, Mdle. Clauss, in C minor (Beethoven); Aria, Herr Reichart (Herold); Aria, Mad. Doria (Donizetti); Trio, Mdle. Agnes Bury, Herr Reichart, and M. Lefort (Kreutzer).

**PART SECOND.**—Overture, Don Giovanni (Mozart); Duetto, Mdle. Agnes Bury and M. Lefort (Nicolai); Song, Herr Reichart, Abschied (Esser); Lied, Mad. Doria (Goldberg); Solos, pianoforte, Mdle. Clauss, Lied ohne Worte (Mendelssohn), Improvvisu (Chopin), La Chasse (Stephen Heller); Romances Francaises, M. Lefort; Lieder, Mdle. Agnes Bury (Silas and Grell); Quartetto, Mdle. Agnes Bury, Mad. Doria, Herr Reichart, and M. Lefort (Weber); Overture, Massaniello (Auber).

It rather singularly happened at the concert of Monday evening that the whole of the artists engaged were strangers to the Concert Hall; indeed, neither Mdle. Clauss nor any of the vocalists had previously been heard in this city. And first of the singers, Mdle. Agnes Bury has a pleasing manner and style, with which we are

almost inclined to say we were most taken in the song by Silas. Madame Doria is another vocalist who has made a very favourable impression during the season in London, and deservedly so, we think, from what we heard from her at this concert. She came forward immediately after the overture, and pleased us much in the duet from *Jessonda*. M. Lefort has an unaffected manner which predisposes the hearer in his favour, and his evident skill and effective voice confirm the impression; he was much applauded in his first song, the aria from *Josef* by Mehul, and he was equally successful in the *Romances Francaises*. As to the vocal selection as well as the instrumental, the first part was greatly superior to the second, in which the piano supplanted the orchestra for the purpose of accompaniment in nearly every piece. Mr. Banks executed his task as usual in the most satisfactory manner; but whilst admitting this, we must say it is a constant source of regret that the orchestra is so frequently kept unemployed during the vocal selections.

Mdle. Clauss now demands a few words from us. The accounts which had for some time reached us had given us some curiosity to hear her and judge for ourselves; and highly gratified we were. Mdle. Clauss is very young. Delicacy and the other points of a perfect control over the instrument are already developed in a remarkable manner; and possessed, as the lady evidently is, of a musical soul, she has before her what cannot fail to be a most brilliant career. At this early stage she has unquestionably attained the rank of a first place among the pianists of the day. The selection which she gave in the second part was capitally played, and she was called back to repeat a portion of it; but the great performance was the concerto, by Beethoven. This she accomplished in the most unimpeachable manner—in fact, in many respects, we have not heard it better given—certainly never with more taste and appreciation. Those who know the concerto will admit that to say this, is at once to pay Mdle. Clauss the highest compliment, for it requires no ordinary skill to interpret effectively a concerto like this one. But when interpreted as it was on Monday evening, what a treat!

The concerto and the overtures were well played by the band; we have already expressed our regret in hearing it so little in the second part, so we will only add that we hope "constant employment" will be found for the gentlemen of the orchestra in future. The second notice, printed in large type on the first page of the programme, was seldom less regarded than during the second part. "Parties," thus it reads, "are expected not to leave the room during the performance of any piece of music;" but we believe there was scarcely one piece after the first in the second part that was not interrupted by persons walking out.

### Miscellaneous.

**MR. ALLCROFT'S OTHER BENEFIT.**—Mr. Allcroft is perpetually giving benefits, and everlastingly affording his numerous friends and patrons an opportunity of subscribing to his welfare and happiness. He takes many benefits in the year. Mr. Allcroft's last benefit—of some few moons since—was given for a particular occasion, and under particular circumstances—he was about to leave London for a brief space. The benefit took place—at Drury Lane (the previous one, a short time before, being at Exeter Hall—or *vice versa*)—whereupon Mr. Allcroft departed for Gravesend, and remained there for nearly ten days. Mr. Allcroft's present benefit is given ostensibly because his summer season at the New Strand is about to terminate. Mr. Allcroft must indeed be a prodigious favourite of the public, or else so many benefits, close upon each other's heels, must inevitably combine to ruin him. But were he not a prodigious favourite of the public, the present benefit could not fail in proving in the highest degree attractive, since Mr. Allcroft has engaged Sims Reeves, the *favorito assoluto*, who appears in *Lucia di Lammermoor* and

the *Waterman*. Edgardo is intimately associated with the name of Sims Reeves. It was the first character in which he appeared in England, and is that, perhaps, in which he has achieved his greatest triumphs. Tom Tug, too, is a glorious performance of our accomplished tenor, and will help to conciliate all true lovers of English song and the galleries. Mr. Allcroft could hardly have rendered his programme more attractive. Also Mrs. Sims Reeves will appear as Lucy Ashton. Lucy is one of Mrs. Sims Reeves's happiest and most striking efforts. The character suits her, and the music suits her *à merveille*; and the opera, thus cast in the two principal characters, holds out allurements of a rare kind indeed. Already every seat in the house—the Lyceum Theatre—is disposed of, and a downright bumper may be confidently anticipated. We anticipate it confidently. Mr. Allcroft's benefit takes place on Monday evening next.

ROYAL GARDENS, CREMORNE.—Mr. T. B. Simpson, the enterprising lessee, gave a Second Grand Bal Masque, under the direction of Signor Bosio, on Wednesday. The whole of the resources of this establishment were put in requisition and imparted to the fête a character of unrivalled magnificence. The Hungarian Band played a selection of their most admired pieces in the Large Ball Room, and the Royal Cremorne Circus, with its powerful troupe of artistes, was opened free for this occasion. The dancing took place on the Oriental Platform and in the ball room. In the course of the evening a gorgeous display of fireworks was exhibited by Mortram, in the midst of which the Italian Brothers performed their extraordinary gymnastic feat, "Le Saut de Riviere." The musical department included the "Monstre Cremorne Band," "The Hungarian Band," and the "Cremorne Military Band." Supper was ready on the tables at one o'clock, in the spacious bowling saloon, when every delicacy of the season was provided. The fineness of the weather induced an immense number of people to attend, and everything was conducted and went off with the greatest propriety.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.—A *bal costumé*, or masquerade was held here on Thursday night. It partook of the usual features of such amusements, and was attended by the usual host of dancers and maskers. There were numerous groups habited in almost every variety of garment, from the splendour of the Spanish grandee to the rough and rugged integuments of the barn-door rustic. Some of the characters were tolerably well supported, and if there was no great deal of wit, there was plenty of noisy jocularity and mirth, and all went smoothly along. The grounds were brilliantly illuminated, and nothing was spared by the proprietor, Mr. Wardell, to give satisfaction to the throng. The music was good, additional bands being employed, so that there was no cessation of amusement, and nobody was under the necessity of standing still. In addition to these appliances for pleasure the equestrian troop exhibited in the rotunda, and some very extraordinary feats of horsemanship were displayed by Madame Newsome, a very elegant rider, and by a Miss Ellar, who, for her age, is perhaps the best rider in Europe. The humours of the scene were kept up till daylight, and even then the company seemed loth to retire.

SIGNOR MARCHESI and MADAME MARCHESI-GRAUMANN have left London for Boulogne-sur-Mer; they will remain there for a month, and then proceed to Florence for the winter season, where Signor Marchesi is engaged for the opera. These talented artists are accompanied by a young English lady, a pupil of Madame Graumann, of whose voice and vocal talent much is expected.

MARINI, the well-known *basso-cantante*, met with a frightful accident lately in America. Whilst travelling by the steam-boat, a sudden explosion took place, when a splinter struck him with great violence on the right hand, and three of his fingers had to be amputated. The last accounts pronounced his condition better, but stated that he was by no means out of danger.

FRANCES, COUNTESS OF WALDEGRAVE, has been receiving a distinguished company during the last month, at Nuneham Park.

Music and theatricals have been the amusements offered to the distinguished guests. Mr. Henry Greville has translated and adapted from the French, a comedy in three acts, entitled *La Marquise de Senneterre*, which has run through the season, and has been a "great success." The *dramatis personæ* were impersonated by the noble hostess, Miss Johnstone, Miss Blanche Johnstone, Mr. Granville, E. H. Vernon, Hon. George Byng, Mr. John Bidwell, and the Hon. Thomas Stonor. Mr. Vernon was the stage-manager, and Mr. Chichester Fortescue, prompter. Mr. William Ganz, the talented pianist, was "The orchestra," and a more efficient representative of that important department could not be found.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—The week has been unusually productive of novelty. On Monday, Mr. J. W. Sharp, the popular comic singer, made his appearance, and on Tuesday, Miss Poole, the fairest of transpontine stars, reappeared after an absence of three years. From these causes, added to the fine weather, and the presence of the Duchess of Sutherland, the Lady Grosvenor, and others, who, during the latter part of the evening, occupied reserved seats in the covered gallery, the gardens were on Tuesday thronged. Miss Poole had a reception which her sweet voice and impulsive simplicity are sure to obtain wherever she shows herself. She sang Balfe's "Merry Zingara," and "Canteener," and on being called on for a repetition of the latter, substituted the unaccompanied ballad, "Wapping old stairs," and delivered its love-tale of humble life with an impassioned truth that elicited a hurricane of applause. The humour of Mr. J. W. Sharp, (who sang two of his best songs) must be seen and heard to be understood. He was of course encoored in both songs, and gave some imitations of the popular dramatic favourites, Messrs. Wright, Buckstone, and Paul Bedford. The two former were a little caricatured, but Paul Bedford was the very man himself, and the whole was so well relished by the audience, that Mr. Sharp had some difficulty in excusing himself from a double encore. In the course of the evening, Mr. Wuille played a solo on the clarinet, an instrument eminently suited for the open air. The fireworks were unusually brilliant.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—"The Ocean Mail."—The following views are given:—Plymouth, Eddystone Light-House, Madeira, Tenerife, Cape de Verde, Isle of Ascension, St. Helena, Cape Town, Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, False Bay (where the *Birkenhead* was wrecked), Port Louis, Mauritius, Point de Galle, Penang, Singapore, Batavia, Sydney, Sydney Cove, Australian Farm, Bathurst Diggings, and a very extensive view of Mount Alexander Diggings, where the process of gold-washing is gone through by a man and a boy. The Diorama is accompanied by appropriate music; it is beautifully painted, and will amply repay the trouble of a visit.

UNDER WHAT DENOMINATION COMES A MUSICIAN IN POINT OF LAW?—Bavaria, the land of beer, of poetic monarchs, of Jesuits, and Countesses of Landsfeld—answers that question for us; for itself only, it is to be hoped! The case is this—Richard Wagner, who lives at Zurich, has been prevailed upon to take the direction of a monster musical festival; Wagner is a political refugee, full of new-fangled notions more or less original; a host of musicians from Munich and adjacent towns wanting to visit Zurich for the occasion, applied for the necessary passports, which were refused, on the following plea:—That artisans—travelling journeymen, (Handwerks burschen) are forbidden to enter Switzerland, on account (souseutendu) that the air is impregnated with notions too liberal to be agreeable to the Bavarian passport-office. This state of things would be ridiculous if it were not serious, and serious if it were not so ridiculous.

IT is a statistical fact, that musicians rarely commit murder; an exception took place at Magdeburg, in the case of Hartung, accused of poisoning and condemned to death. The unfortunate man has asked the King of Prussia to put off the execution until he should have finished an opera of which he composes both libretto and the music.

MR. FERDINAND PRAEGER, the popular composer and pianist and our correspondent, has returned to town from his rural excursion, with a portfolio full of new pianoforte music.



We delight in publishing the agreeable news of our little friend Sivi, the great violinist, having quite recovered from his accident, and performing again at numerous concerts.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN, an Oratorio by Dr. Lindpaintner. London: Wessell and Co., Regent Street.—Amongst the various novelties produced in the metropolis during the past season by the New Philharmonic Society, none obtained a more genuine and hearty success than the *Widow of Nain*, a short oratorio by Dr. Lindpaintner, which was first performed at Exeter Hall, under the direction of the venerable and talented composer. Though a thoroughly German composition, the *Widow of Nain* is neither very elaborate nor very heavy: in fact, we have met with few compositions, of modern date and of similar pretensions, which contain so much genuine melody. The oratorio has another recommendation—brevity; for it only occupies three-quarters of an hour in performance—while the story, selected from the well-known beautiful narrative in the Gospel of St. Luke, is written with unusual care and taste by Mr. Desmond Ryan. Though free from elaboration, the music is admirably written for the voices, and betrays the mind of a master throughout. All the pieces are so good in themselves, that we scarcely know which to select for special notice; but we may specially mention the soprano air—"Weep not," assuredly one of the sweetest and most melodious *morceaux* we ever met with, and which promises to attain universal popularity. Another air, "Weep on, Mother," for contralto, is also an unpretending but delicious bit of genuine melody. The choruses, though slight, as well as the concerted pieces, are all good in their way, and highly creditable to the talents of the composer, who is principally known to the musical world by the popular song of "The Standard Bearer." The *Widow of Nain* is very suitable for performance by our Philharmonic Society, and we trust to the taste and energy of their secretary and committee to introduce it to the public of Liverpool, by whom we are sure it would be well received.—*Liverpool Mail*.

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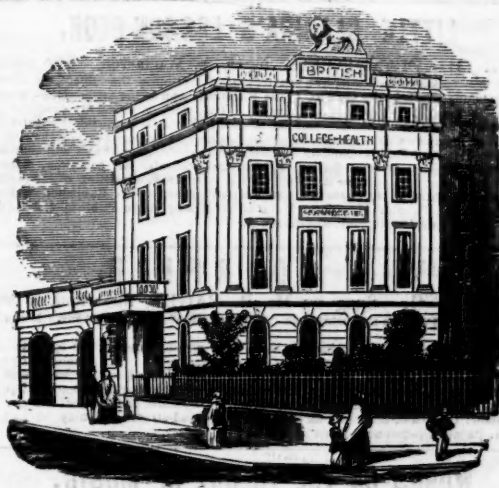
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